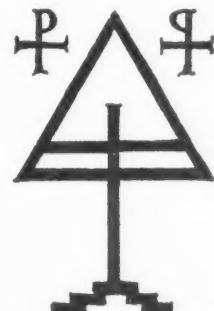


NOTICE TO READERS.—When you finish reading this magazine place a one-cent stamp on this notice, fold it in any postal envelope, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapper; just address.—A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

THE FIELD AFAR



FISHING IN THE WATERS OF JAPAN.

VOL. XII. No. 7

† JULY, 1918

† PRICE 10 CENTS



A MID-SUMMER SCENE AT MARYKNOLL.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slighty hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procurator of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

This valuable treatise, by Rev. F. X. STEINBRECHER, will be sent on receipt of Ten Cents in Stamps.
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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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From Maryknoll and The Vénard—
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A share in the daily prayers, Communions, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in the work;
Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.
From Benefactors here and abroad—
Several thousand Communions offered monthly and as many rosaries offered each week for all members of the Society.
From Missionaries in the Field—
Several hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY

MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

JULY—Month of the Precious Blood.

Blood—the earth is dripping with it, and the hands of millions are red, and God alone knows upon whose heads it will be found in the final reckoning.

But under the drippings that stain the earth is other Blood—Precious Blood—that makes Earth glow like a ruby in the firmament, a living sanctuary lamp among the planets of the universe.

Hail, Precious Blood of Jesus the Christ! May Thy beauty soon appear to the nations and this earth become more worthy of Thee!

+

HEROISM in these war days seems almost commonplace, and exiles for the fatherland are already counted by the hundreds of thousands.

The spirit of sacrifice has surprised this nation, that seemed to be running down luxurious banks towards waters deep and dangerous; and the thought of leaving home to cross the seas with a small chance of returning hardly frightens to-day.

Will not this attitude of mind make for a plentiful harvest of vocations to the foreign missions to-morrow?

Who can with reason discourage a Catholic young man from volunteering as an apostle to China, to fight for Christ and souls, when the country has applauded his companions (and perhaps he was among them) as they crossed the gang-plank to the transports for the carnage fields of Europe.

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If fighters for God come out of the now thoroughly aroused spirit of self-forgetting patriotism the world-war may indeed prove a blessing.

+

WHILE we are thinking on the subject of outfits for the Maryknoll missionaries, the first group of whom will soon leave for the Far East, along comes this clipping:

HOW CHAPLAINS ARE EQUIPPED FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

The following supplies are furnished by the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts to its chaplains in military service: Communion set, recreation tent, motion-picture machine with screen, two fiber trunks for carrying motion-picture outfit, portable altar, cross and candlesticks, stationery with name of regiment, talking machine with attachment to play any record, Underwood typewriter, Corona typewriter, and autotruck for motion-picture equipment. These articles total a cost of \$1,644.52, as stated in a report from the joint commission on social service of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

It is a satisfaction to realize that our boys in the army are being provided for by the thoughtfulness of the stay-at-homes, but some one asks as he

MARYKNOLL WILL PUSH WAR SAVING STAMPS.

reads the list what effect it will have on our young missioners, whose outfit, including passage across America and over the Pacific, is limited to \$500.

These soldiers of Christ will be well satisfied with the smaller amount and are glad to know that the soldiers of their beloved country are in the hands of generous friends.

* *

Do not for the present go to the expense of buying chalices for Maryknoll.

Several priest-friends have given us their extra ones for our new Mission and we have received others from the estates of deceased priests.

* *

DOES it occur to us that perhaps every Chinese father is not bent on initiating his sons into the laundry business? It would be truer to say that China is a nation of farmers. But the citizens of the Celestial Republic also practice many handicrafts. There are carpenters and masons, carriage-makers and firecracker manufacturers, boatmen and railway conductors. Landlords may feel envious on learning that China has no plumbers.

All these matters, however, are of minor importance to Maryknoll. She will send her sons to China, not because the people there are honest and industrious, not because they can raise tea and rice, not because their soil conceals treasures of coal and iron, but because they have souls capable of knowing, serving, and praising God.

* *

THE average American likes to try his mettle against big odds. He is openhanded and prefers to "rough it" than otherwise to enjoy the goods of life. His favorite sports are trials of strength rather than of skill or luck and he takes more pleasure in self-exertion such as boxing than in watching two roosters scrap.

As a people, we are practical. Our wealthy men are engaged in

business; our finishing academies for young ladies graduate business women who think it no disgrace to use their mental faculties. Our taste for the fine arts is developed only in the few; as inventors of machinery we rank high.

It is a pity, however, to waste on sport or business alone this God-given interest in the practical issues of life. Used for the greater good of pagan countries, this American characteristic would set things humming. Put enough American push behind a campaign for mission funds and on the mission field itself and the "yellow peril" would soon become a gold mine to pave the courts of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

* *

If you wish not to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars and you will receive The Field Afar during your life.

* *

PEOPLE are beginning to remark that the foreign mission spirit has developed considerably in the United States during the past decade. We are happy to admit this progress, but when we realize the swift march of architecture, engineering, electricity, capital and labor organizations, and the yet more marvellous formation of an armed host with all that accompanies it, we are not inclined to enthuse much. Personally, whenever we met a stranger—even though he be a Catholic—we always presume that he is as much a stranger to the foreign mission idea as he is to ourselves.

When this presumption is correct—and it is so very often—an interesting study follows the first foreign mission volley.

In some (shall we call them victims?) curiosity is aroused immediately, as if they heard for the first time something that they had longed to know. Others, with minds open to conviction, listen well, but cautiously, storing away some sympathy for the next occasion.

On others, however, the idea

falls and drops off, and in this class are some really good people with poor sight.

But we are never surprised, and as a consequence our disappointments are not serious. On the other hand, we experience daily the unexpected and find friends where we never for a moment believed that they existed.

This is God's work and He is touching Catholic hearts.

* *

With reasonable economy enough could be saved from the expense account of an ordinary funeral to enroll in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, as a Perpetual Associate, the deceased relative or friend.

* *

REPORTS from the Far East remark the number of travelling salesmen, Standard Oil men, and other Americans resident throughout China. We may confidently rely on the many Catholics amongst them to break down little by little any prejudice of the natives, both against Americans as desirables, and then against Catholic Americans.

The pity of it is that we must leave to such inadequate means the first step in the leavening process. If an organization, similar to the K. of C., or indeed the K. of C. itself, were to begin active work in the East by establishing headquarters in the principal cities, where American Catholic salesmen could meet to work in unison along Catholic propaganda lines, they would provide invaluable aid to the missionaries now on the field and prove of even greater service to the American priest of the near future.

The Y. M. C. A. has its establishments in every big city in the East and its club members are important auxiliaries in the furtherance of Protestant effort. The evangelization of the millions of the East is not a work for a handful of forgotten missionaries. The united backing of many American Catholics must be enlisted before appreciable results will follow.

Maryknoll Pioneers.

THERE is as yet no moving-picture machine at Maryknoll, but the place is treated to an occasional thrill just the same. One arrived on a certain Sunday in June, when for the first time in the history of this still young Society the *Assignment of Missioners* was made.

The stillness was awful as the Superior read out the names of those who are privileged to be the pioneers. For weeks and months there had been conjectures and every possible candidate had been trying to convince himself that he would be in that first group. Some, however, were bound to be disappointed, and all knew that only four out of Maryknoll's priests could be spared from the home establishments in New York, Pennsylvania, and California.

The four named are:

Rev. Thomas Frederick Price
of North Carolina,
Archdiocese of Baltimore.
Rev. James Edward Walsh
of Cumberland, Maryland,
Archdiocese of Baltimore.
Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer
of Stuart, Iowa,
Diocese of Des Moines.
Rev. Francis Xavier Ford
of Brooklyn, New York,
Archdiocese of New York.

Of the four, Fr. Price, the Superior of the group, is well known to many of our readers, and better to thousands of others in this country who are not on our lists.

Fr. Price has been associated with the work of Maryknoll from the beginning and is in fact one of its two organizers. At his repeated and urgent request—not to say threat—we have until now done our best to satisfy him by keeping his name and his photograph out of THE FIELD AFAR, but we feel that once he has turned his back on this land of his birth he will not object, certainly not so strenuously, to the appearance of both, at least oc-



"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation!"—Isaiah lii. 7.

casionally. As one so closely connected with THE FIELD AFAR, his modesty will not allow the paper to refer any longer to itself as Priceless.

All at Maryknoll rejoice that this zealous and apostolic priest will lead the little band across the seas and into China; and his companions, no one of whom is more than a few years old in the priesthood, are glad to feel that they have so well-seasoned a staff upon which to lean as they walk over untried paths in a foreign land.

Fr. James E. Walsh has been for the past two years Director of the Maryknoll preparatory school—the Vénard—at Scranton, Pennsylvania. He is an M. A. graduate of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, having followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, both of whom were alumni of the same college.

Fr. Meyer is an alumnus of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, and was ordained at Mary-

knoll in December, 1916, by his own Bishop, Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling—who on that occasion made an address which went out over the country and across the seas, carrying these precious words which have been widely quoted:

The beginning of the foreign mission movement should be a sacrifice from the whole American Church. The work is not diocesan, it is not provincial. Great and glorious, it concerns all the dioceses of the country, and it is a witness and a challenge to the spirit of sacrifice in our young men. This new priest shall be a prayer for us. May God bless his life and the lives of his companions!

Fr. Ford was the first student received at Maryknoll-in-Hawthorne (our original temporary home) six years ago. He is the son of a well-known New York journalist and a graduate of the Cathedral College, New York City.

Following the thrill of assignments came the further announcement that four reservations have been made on the *Equador*, of the Pacific S. S. Co., booked to leave San Francisco Saturday, September 21.

The Maryknoll missionaries will sail for Hongkong, but if their purses allow them they will make a stop-over to follow a portion of the Superior's trail and "size up" a few future possibilities.

At Hongkong they look forward to meeting Fr. John Fraser, who is actually a Maryknoll aspirant representing the American Foreign Mission in its sector of the Kwangtung province.

At this writing the air is filled with the Departure Hymn, with which we know that some of our readers will wish to be familiar.

**A MODERN MARTYR
BLESSÉD THÉOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS**
241 Pages. 15 Illustrations.
Bound in Red Cloth
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A Loss to the Cause.

MORE than once in these pages we have printed cordial and brotherly letters from a young Italian priest, Fr. Costa of Turin. One of the Maryknoll organizers met Fr. Costa in Turin, where he had the spiritual direction of a new foreign mission seminary, *La Consolata*, and was deeply impressed on that occasion with the delightful openness and evident zeal of the apostolic young priest.

Since then *La Consolata* and Maryknoll have been in regular correspondence, so that it is with genuine regret we have recently learned of Fr. Costa's death. The news came to us through his Excellency our much esteemed Apostolic Delegate, who is a warm friend of *La Consolata*.

We recall the last letter received from Fr. Costa, who had made unusual progress in English.

We are in the din of war, with its consequent distress and strain on missions and mission seminaries. We have now in the army twenty young men and five priests, all in the medical corps except one. Yet I shall not fail to send you our best and heartiest wishes, intending them to be, first, an expression of the unquenchable apostolic love that unites our works and of the ever-increasing material and spiritual prosperity we wish for your Society, and, secondly, a cry of the soul for the speedy return of the kingdom of peace, which may bring all the world under the sweet yoke of the Prince of Peace. Heartiest congratulations for the prospering Seminary and the Vénard School, and for the ever cheery FIELD AFAR!

We ask the prayers of our readers for the soul of this apostolic priest.

"Thy Kingdom Come" is a prayer brief yet all-embracing. With man's weariness of war comes the thought that a better world should have been, and a prayerful petition that a better may be. To spread Christ's Kingdom by enlightening and winning pagan souls, this is the fullest meaning of "Thy Kingdom Come."—V.F.K., O.P.

Hymn of Departure.

Go forth, ye heralds of God's tender mercy,
The day has come at last, the day of joy.
Your burning zeal is by no fetters shackled,
Go forth, O brothers, happy you! go forth.
How beautiful the feet of God's apostles!
We kiss those feet with holy loving awe.
How beautiful are they on hills and valleys,
Where error's darkness reigns with death.

*Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;
Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God.
We meet again one day in heaven's land of blessings,
Farewell, brothers, farewell.*

The winds will howl, and tear the sails asunder,
The waves will form and dash against the ship.
But go in Jesus' name to preach His Gospel,
And "fear not," "Him the winds and seas obey."
When Jesus seems to sleep, and nights are stormy,
Gaze on yon guiding star and hark,
Your brothers sing the "Ave Maris Stella,"
That you may reach the distant shore.
Go forth, farewell, &c.

Dear brothers, hasten then to save the heathen,
He is immersed in death's cold dark abyss.
Without true God, without a hope to soothe him—
Shall he forever be a child of wrath?
Brave soldiers, rise, destroy the throne of Satan,
Deliver from his grasp the groaning slave;
Bring him the freedom which by Christ was given,
And plant the Cross in every land.
Go forth, farewell, &c.

If you have an extra prayer book send it directly to the Canossian Sisters, Catholic Mission, Hankow, China. A few Catholic story-books would also be welcome at the hospital there. (Do not send these to Maryknoll. We have no time for stories.)

A Visitor from France.

NO missionary body has been closer to Maryknoll than that of the *Paris Foreign Missions*, until now the largest of its kind in the world. This famous organization has from the beginning of Maryknoll been its inspiration, and the names of the Paris Seminary martyrs, especially those of Vénard, Dorie, and Bretenières, have been household words here. In his recent journey to the Far



FR. PAUL SIBERS, WHO IS RECRUITING SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

East the Superior of Maryknoll met unfailing courtesy from all Catholic missionaries, but in the apostolic men of the Paris Seminary—as in his compatriots of the Philippines — he found brothers.

It was a keen satisfaction, therefore, to receive lately as a guest at Maryknoll Fr. Paul Sibers, who had just arrived from his Alma Mater with a greeting to this small Society that has big aims, and with a special mission to find among French-speaking youths of Canada and the United States' new apostles to fill the ranks that have been decimated by war.

We wish Fr. Sibers success, and if any French-speaking youths who read these lines wish further information we will gladly give it.

Observations.

SOME day we hope to see in New York City, with branches elsewhere, a *Mission Shop*, where some of the many beautiful and interesting products of Catholic natives in the various mission fields can be exhibited and sold.

A Franciscan priest, preaching a diocesan retreat in the Middle West, took occasion to speak a good word for Maryknoll and the Cause. If he reads these lines let him know that his words have already borne fruit.

The diocese of St. Paul has a zealous worker for the foreign mission cause in the person of the Rev. James A. Byrne who, though occupied as Spiritual Director of St. Paul's Seminary, also directs the diocesan work for the Propagation of the Faith.

Fr. Byrne is so good to THE FIELD AFAR as to give its name a ride on the back of every envelope he sends out.

Fr. Browne, S.J., of Dublin, writes asking prayers for Mrs. O. M. Taaffe, one of the founders of St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society—an organization which for some years past has been preparing the soil of Catholic Ireland for a development of the worldwide spirit.

We commend the soul of Mrs. Taaffe to the prayers of our readers, and we express the hope that as a result of her example and intercession many like her will arise in the English-speaking world to help push on into the wilderness of this earth the Saving Cross of Jesus the Christ.

Fr. Donnelly, S.J., whose complete works now include seven attractive little volumes, has sent to Maryknoll his latest:

Shepherd My Thoughts.

This modest inscription by our author-friend runs on the flyleaf:

*They have no time to glance at this,
The men at Maryknoll's,
A thing that shepherds worthless
thoughts
While there they shepherd souls.*

Fr. Donnelly should know that his works are much prized at Maryknoll, where the apostolic spirit is fanned to flame by such verses as this:

*The soldier loves his tattered flag—
Shall Christ's Heart win less love
from me?
Bravely It bears the wounds of fight
And bleeds with love's full victory.*

Knights of Columbus are so engrossed at the present time with their excellent war work that an appreciation such as that which follows, from a Knight in New York State, is particularly welcome:

If you will send a circular to the members of our Council (directory enclosed), I will endeavor to do something to follow up your appeal—by requesting subscriptions and collecting same to forward to you.

You might send me about twenty-five more blanks so that I may have them with me to do "business on the spot." I do this simply because your work and personal sacrifices your men are making especially appeal to me.

On June 2, the Knights of Columbus, Alhambra Council No. 88, of Worcester, Mass., had a third degree, which resulted in the class of candidates sending to Maryknoll \$26.10. We questioned our Worcester Knight and several other K. of C. priests and students, but none of them would divulge whether or not the degree team feeds gold to the Casey Goat.

A priest who has been deeply interested in all that concerns Maryknoll from its beginning expresses in printed form from time to time his particular devotion to Bernadette of Lourdes as the little client of Mary Immaculate. Realizing as he does that the Immaculate Conception is the sole National Patron of America, he has aimed consistently during his priestly life to deepen love in American Catholic hearts for her who, inspired by God, exclaimed,

THE MARYKNOLL RING!

Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

Sterling silver.....\$3.00
10-karat gold.....5.00
14-karat gold.....6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.

"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!"

One of this priest's books, *Bernadette of Lourdes*, has been constantly on THE FIELD AFAR table, and is known to many of our readers. Another has just taken its place there—

The Lily of Mary, a charming little volume that contains a short life of Bernadette of Lourdes. It has ninety pages and is well printed on excellent paper, with eight duo-tone illustrations. The binding is in dark blue cloth, stamped in gold or white as preferred, the front cover bearing a colored likeness of Bernadette Soubirous in the quaint dress of her country-women. The book sells for thirty cents (postage extra).

The students at Mt. St. Mary Seminary of the West (at Cincinnati) have organized a Mission Society—under the patronage of St. Paul—and we consider the movement so important that we reproduce as suggestive the following extracts from the Constitution and By-Laws:

There shall be a common daily prayer, recited vocally by all, immediately preceding the final thanksgiving usually said after Holy Communion; and this prayer is to be varied at the discretion of the Reverend Spiritual Director.

On the first Sunday of each month members shall offer their Holy Communions for the well-being of the Missions, which offering is to be formulated vocally by the First Prefect immediately after the Pater Noster of the conventional Mass.

The first Wednesday in October shall be set aside each year as a Mission Feast-Day; and shall be celebrated with a Solemn High Mass, preferably the votive Mass of the

Propagation of the Faith, when possible. Other arrangements for the keeping of this day in the most fitting manner possible shall be entrusted to the Rev. Spiritual Director and the Executive Committee.

To promote as much as possible interest, and at the same time to encourage individual action in the educational program, the Society shall be divided into four groups called sections, each of which is to devote its attention to a particular mission agency.

Section No. 1—Composed of members belonging to the Second Year of Philosophy, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Section No. 2—Composed of members belonging to the First Year of Philosophy, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

Section No. 3—Composed of members belonging to the Second Year of Theology, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.

Section No. 4—Composed of members belonging to the Third Year of Theology, is hereby assigned to the interests of the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Washington, D. C., together with those of Home Missions in general.

The members of the First Year of Theology and of the Fourth Year of Theology are to be distributed equally among the four sections.

The officers of the Society shall be a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, librarian, historian, lecturer, executive committee and spiritual director.

The first meeting of each year is to be held upon the evening preceding the Mission Feast-Day. Other meetings shall be as follows: on the evenings of the first Sunday in December, the second Sunday in February, the third Sunday in April, and the third Sunday in May.

The Lily of Mary.

A Short Life of Bernadette of Lourdes.

"As attractive physically as it is spiritually elevating."

This book sells for thirty cents—and to anyone who will sign a resolution to help spread the "Message of the Immaculate Conception," the price will be only twenty cents. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Address: THE FIELD AFAR Office, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y.

The Pioneer's Log.

(At the Leper-home in Sheklung.)

SHEKLUNG is the name of a railway station on the line from Hongkong to Canton, a run of



"The lazaar sampan was waiting."

about an hour and a half from Canton, if you are lucky enough to be on the express and if there is no revolution in progress. Through Sheklung runs one of the streams of the delta, and looking eastward from the car window an interested passenger might discern, a mile away, an island with white houses standing among growing trees. It is the leper colony of Sheklung—the largest institution of its kind in China, if not in the world.

Many American Catholics—bishops, priests, nuns and laity—will remember Fr. Conrardy, the priest who founded this excellent work. Fr. Conrardy, like Fr. Damien, was a Belgian by birth. He had known Fr. Damien and had lived with him in Molokai, with the result that he became engrossed with one idea, the spiritual and material welfare of lepers.

Fr. Conrardy gathered alms in many countries, attracting friends by the breadth of his charity. He so impressed the Chinese government that the new settlement was placed under police protection and the number of its inmates ran quickly into the hundreds. A young French priest was later found to assist the veteran—and not a moment too soon, because soon after the more complete establishment of his work God accepted the sacrifice of Fr. Conrardy and called him to his reward.

Fr. Conrardy's successor met us at the station and took us to the river bank, where the lazaar sampan was waiting, with three of the stronger lepers ready to row us to our destination. The lepers held the boat steady as we entered the little cabin curtained by the Sisters with cheap cloth, and we were soon out in the stream, making headway against the strong current.

I could look into the swollen faces

of two lepers rowing in the bow of the boat, and did so with more interest than repugnance, but soon turned my full attention to the animated little priest beside me. Fathers Damien and Conrardy were of Flemish stock. This young priest is French, from the Flemish border, and he appeared more Flemish than French. My heart warmed to him as he glowed over his apparently disagreeable task, eulogizing his predecessor and speaking highly of all under his care—a family that numbered more than twelve hundred.

I asked Fr. Deswazières for information about a Protestant work for lepers at Sheklung, as I had received from one of their reports an impression that it was co-extensive with his own. He told me that there is, in fact, another leper establishment in Protestant hands, about nine miles from Sheklung. It had from one hundred to one-hundred-fifty inmates, and the minister in charge, who lives six miles away from it, visits the asylum once or twice a month.

It took us fully a half-hour to reach the first landing, a separate island re-



FR. CONRADY—THE APOSTLE OF SHEKLUNG.

served for leprous women and girls. Some soldiers were on duty near the Sisters' home. They had just arrived for the night-watch, to give a protection that is quite necessary as the river is infested with pirates. The Sisters, four in number, belong to the community of the Immaculate Conception, some of whose members I had already met at Canton. As one of the four, a former Superior, had visited Maryknoll, and the actual Superior is related to a well-known Sulpician priest who has from the beginning been interested in all that happens at Maryknoll, I was immediately at home.

Our stay was brief, as we planned to return in the morning for Mass and an inspection of this section, so the lepers took up their oars again and in another twenty minutes we had received the salute of the sentry on the main island and passed into the home of my guide and his assistant, a devoted Chinese priest.

It was now too dark to see anything of the lepers, and when the oil lamp was lighted we sat down to dinner and later to the luxury of Filipino cigars.

The little chaplain yielded his room to me that night. As he would not have it otherwise I was forced to accept—and I made good use of his straw mattress, red blanket, and Chinese comfortable, all serene under a mosquito net. But before turning in I went out on the balcony that runs around three sides of the house—a commodious one, but not too well-arranged for ordinary comfort.

Through the banana trees that have been planted near the house I could see the leper shacks and their chapel, only a few hundred feet away. I had heard the poor sufferers reciting their prayers after the evening meal, but now all was silent and dark. I wondered how many of those hundreds were awake, and if so what were their thoughts. The river sparkled as I looked out upon it. How clear and pure it seemed under the stars! And how striking the contrast with festering bodies so near! And yet, there were many souls among those hundreds cleaner and purer in God's sight than were those passing running waters to the eyes of man.

I heard a measured step. It was the sentry, keeping his watch. And then I marked another footfall. It was the little Father, saying his rosary on the opposite balcony.

When I went back into the room I looked about. Some books and letters on the table and a few prints on the wall, with a couple of chairs, a wardrobe, and a bed, comprised the furnishing. I felt like an intruder, but knew that I was welcome.

What was my host praying for that

night? For his lepers, doubtless. For his family, too, in all probability, because he had told me that his parents still lived—at least, he hoped that such was the case, but he did not know since the occupation of his native town by his country's enemy. Perhaps, too, he was praying for his own perseverance in this everlasting struggle between nature and grace. Earlier in the evening he had said to me, "I expect to spend my life here. For one reason, I should not be wanted elsewhere, as I am so closely identified with lepers and leprosy."

God bless and preserve this devoted young chaplain at Sheklung! And God be merciful to the apostolic founder of this truly great work!

There was one of gayety rather than sadness. Some little children played about as if their blood was pure and life had long years of joy in store for them. Others worked, even with disfigured hands, a few at silk looms, others in the ordinary housekeeping occupations.

The men were quartered in divisions, each division managing its own house and each working patient receiving for his labor in the fields or elsewhere a small remuneration, from which he was free to purchase tobacco and special articles of wear.

Many, as we passed about, were washing their own sores, some were ministering to others, and in the dispensary there was a line of men and



THE SPIRITUAL FATHERS OF TWELVE HUNDRED LEPERS.
FR. CHAO (Chinese.) FR. DESWAZIERES.

It was dark and cold when I awoke the next morning. I dressed quickly and went out onto the balcony, but the little chaplain was already ahead of me, making his meditation preparatory to Mass.

Mass on the women's island was attended by practically all of the leprous women and children, several of whom received Holy Communion. At the same hour on the principal island the Holy Sacrifice was being offered for the men by the Chinese priest.

That morning I visited in detail both branches of the lazar. Among the women there did not seem to be many ugly cases—and the general atmos-

boys each waiting patiently his turn for an application and dressing, given under the direction of a Sister and her assistant who come over every morning to the men's settlement for this particular service.

The scene was striking, but to me again not depressing. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and these poor creatures are not without their consolations. A few are outcasts from well-to-do families, but the majority have never had much comfort in life before coming to this place of refuge.

On leaving, as we rowed by a long stretch of land. Fr. Deswazieres told

me that five hundred bodies are buried there. "It is good to feel," he added, "that their souls were made ready for God."

I was glad to have seen Sheklung.

(Canton.)

I passed New Year's Day at Canton and spent a good part of the morning, after a formal salutation of the bishop, at Shameen, trying to get my passport viseéd by the Portuguese consul as I was bound for Macao. Offices were tightly closed and everybody seemed to be vying with his neighbor in extending hospitality. After dodging enough health-wishing ingredients to make a well man ill I managed to get my documents sealed;



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SHAMEEN, IN CANTON.

and the next day I left by steamer for Macao, a run of about seven hours.

An ambitious young Chinese, clad in his best brocaded silk coat, looked friendly and I saluted him in English. He looked hard at me, smiled, and walked away. After three minutes he returned, his face beaming, and said, "This is a beautiful day,"—which I admitted. He then gazed at me again,

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

and took another walk. A few minutes later he came, pointed to the river, and said, "Water." I tapped gently his silken shoulders, and answered, "You're a wonder!"—which seemed to please him, although he did not understand. At "tiffin" the Chinese youth sat opposite, to watch me eat, and to try his luck at the English words for knife, fork, table-cloth, and so forth.

(Macao.)

At Macao I found on the wharf several Spanish priests, who spoke English very well. They included the vicar-general and the bishop's secretary, with a professor from the seminary, and it was arranged that I should pay my respects at once to the bishop and then spend the night at the seminary.

Macao is quite delightful, but it is rather a bit of Portugal invaded by Chinese than a pagan city in the Orient with a negligible group of Catholics in one spot. The Macaoists are descendants of Portuguese, in whom there is frequently a mixture of the Asiatic. Full-blooded Chinese also are in Macao, and the Catholics among them are administered to by Chinese priests.

Bishop de Castro, who has since died, was most gracious and showed special interest in our new mission. His own field is rather an unusual one. Besides Macao and other islands occupied by Portuguese or their descendants, he had spiritual jurisdiction over a strip of territory in China, for the cultivation of which he had been obliged to supplement his regular priests with Jesuits and Salesians. Priests from Macao also give occasional retreats to the Portuguese-speaking in the larger cities of the Far East.

"How then shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?"—Rom. x. 14.

The seminary at Macao is a very extensive building, that houses not only seminarians, who are few in number, but students of earlier age preparing for various walks of life. I did not meet many of the students, as they were on their holidays. The professors are bright, and as a rule comparatively young. Many of them speak English and that language is taught in the school, since it is in quite common use among Macaoists, many of whom are found all along the coast of Eastern Asia.

As my stay was to be brief the

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vicar-general took me under his guidance the next morning, and with the aid of rickshaws and an automobile I saw the greater part of the settlement, including several churches and the establishment of the Salesian Fathers, who are developing here an industrial school.

Two steamers run daily from Macao to Hongkong. Mine left early Thursday afternoon, the tenth, and I found a quiet corner among the groups of Macaoists and Chinese.

(Hongkong.)

I arrived at the Paris Procuration in time for the evening meal, which was interrupted by a messenger who came to tell Fr. Robert that the city of Canton was being bombarded by Gen. Yeong. The news seemed alarming, but with long experience Fr. Robert was not inclined to take it too seriously. However, there were always possibilities, and the beautiful church, with the good bishop and faithful priests, is not far from the water-line at Canton.

I too, was anxious, as my program called for a return trip to Canton on Sunday. In the meantime I was nursing a heavy cold and had to look forward to a "prayer for peace" sermon to be preached in Hongkong by royal request on Sunday itself, which coincided with the Feast of the Epiphany.

We learned by the papers the next morning that no great damage had been done at Canton, that the Cantonese had been "too proud" to return fire, and that the attacking squadron had withdrawn.

I managed to pull through at the Cathedral and St. Joseph's on Sunday, and after an Epiphany dinner at the Procuration, where I met again the bishop and his priests and the several



other Catholic mission procurators of Hongkong, I took a train for Canton —arriving a little late, but at a seasonable hour. There was no trace of the cannonading.

(*The Maryknoll Field.*)

Early the next morning—Monday, January the sixth—Fr. Gauthier and I, accompanied by a domestic loaded with bedding and our two bags, started out on our first missionary journey to the new Maryknoll Mission field. It was a memorable experience, at least for my poor self who during a quarter of a century had been coddled as a priest in civilized lands.

We swung into the alley streets of Canton, and I followed the long strides of Fr. Gauthier, not knowing "where or how." Suddenly we emerged into the broad street that lines the river-bank. Dodging rickshaws, chairs, coolies, and dogs, I managed to keep Fr. Gauthier in sight until he disappeared into a side alley. Then I realized that we were at the railway office, and our next move was across the crowded thoroughfare, up a gang-plank to a steamer, just as it was about to leave.

A quarter of an hour's sail took us to a very respectable railway terminal and we were soon on our way to the end of the line, a few hours distant.

This line seems to end in a wilderness, but coolies innumerable, women and girls, men and boys, at once appeared, all crying at us, each trying to gain our attention. Fr. Gauthier engaged a man to relieve our young domestic, whom we call "Chin" for short. Chin is the "last word" in his own line. He has the honorable position of Boy No. 1 in the household of a Chinese parish priest, and with his best "tire" white socks, and leather shoes, he had been loaned to us for the journey.

Chin released his load and looked down with an air of superiority on the lowly being who was arranging a bamboo pole to balance the bedding with our bags. Then in a few moments we were following a chattering crowd over a roadless waste towards a walled city, which we could see about a half-mile to the east. This was Sanshui, a not over-clean collection of alleys through which we hastened until we reached a maze of floating homes that have neither street nor number, but manage to keep on the surface of the West River.

After our baggage and ourselves had been deposited in a sampan there was a wrangle. Fr. Gauthier and a Chinese matron were the participants, and the Chink language went flying in chunks from both sides, to the delight

of a half-hundred sampan occupants. It was all about a couple of cents—a not unusual occurrence. My companion later assured me that neither side was angry, that he did not mind losing a few coppers, but that he wished to protect the next white man—who might be himself.

Finally we got away and were sculled into the heart of a veritable flotilla of sampans, all bound for the steamer that lay anchored awaiting the usual avalanche of passengers.

Shuihing, about fifty miles up the river from Sanshui, was our imme-

diate objective and we reached it towards the middle of the afternoon. A walk of fifteen minutes, through more dark, damp, and crowded alleys, brought us to the mission occupied by the Jesuits, who have recently purchased a large tract of land which will before many years be very attractive and useful. The priests here, with the exception of one Chinese—a bright young man, who has studied in Europe and speaks Italian, Portuguese, and French—and one Spaniard, are Portuguese, working under the direction of the bishop of Macao. The house is small, but hospitality was

THE MARYKNOLL MISSION FIELD—KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT.



freely extended to us and we planned to spend the night at this quiet and well-ordered spot.

It was not to be, however. We were on our way to our own mission and the boat we should take might leave at any moment in the early morning. Nobody was able to give definite information and it was decided to send out a committee of inquiry.

Meanwhile, Fr. Lucas, who speaks English very well, would take me to visit the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. At the convent we found a small group of Sisters, including two Irish nuns. They are struggling at the beginning of their work, which is hampered for lack of sufficient house accommodation. The grounds seem ample.

As we re-entered the compound we were met by a group of Chinese who had for me a very special interest. They were refugees from Tong-on, the village in our mission which we had planned to visit the next day, and the oldest of them had barely escaped death at the hands of bandits. His name is John Taam, or Ahman; the others are Simon Taam and Amo Taam.

It was arranged that all three should accompany us and Ahman, faithful and intelligent, was detailed to get a further report of the sailing-time and possible accommodations for the night. Our committee had reported that it would not be advisable to sleep at the mission, because we might lose the boat. The next choice was between a noisy hotel at the water's edge, where we could be aroused by the boat's whistle, and the boat itself which, so far as anybody knew, was not provided with state-rooms.

The prospect was hardly cheerful. I was not at all in fine fettle and did not relish sitting up all night, so that it was quite a relief when Ahman returned with the news that he had secured for Fr. Gauthier and myself a room which we were free to occupy from eight-thirty that evening. Everybody seemed to think we were very fortunate, and I had visions of a small river steamer such as I had used quite restfully on the waters of Chekiang.

At eight o'clock we left the Jesuit mission, walked with beds and bags to the boat—and found the city gate closed for the night, with a group of Chinese soldiers on guard. After a little parleying the travellers were allowed to pass, but the good Jesuit Fathers were sent home and I was soon disposed to envy them.

Ahman led us triumphantly to the boat. All we could see in the dark was something of a scow, from which

we passed to another ungraceful and formless vessel where Ahman guided us to his "find." It was a scene that remains still vivid in my memory—a saloon about twelve by twelve, a table literally piled up with dominoes, some twenty Chinamen engaged in watching the game. An oil lamp over the table and the burning joss-sticks of a pagan shrine in one corner vied with water-pipes and cigarettes in keeping the place dense with smoke.

Fr. Gauthier and I were the only gentlemen of our complexion on the boat, but Chin by this time had assumed an air of importance and as we elbowed our way through the crowd he held open the door of the stateroom, which was directly off the

cabins we carried, the more so as there was no lock on the door.

Just outside was Ahman, and I knew that he was watching, but about an hour after we had buried ourselves in the Chinese comfortable I felt a hand at my head. It was only Chin, who had come in to occupy the floor berth.

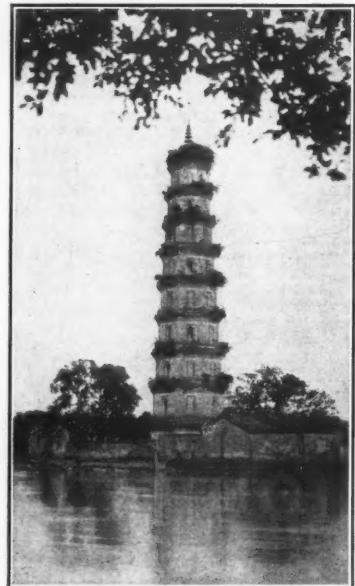
The gamblers continued until midnight and the steamer appeared to be still anchored. At six in the morning I perceived that we were moving, but very gently, without vibration, and as it was dawn I got up to reconnoitre. We were being towed, and the "steamer" which we were occupying was a great gaudily-painted barge such as I had laughed at in Canton with never a suspicion that something similar would serve me as a hotel.

In a few hours we were opposite our landing place, a village called Ut-sing. Just what was to happen next I did not know, because even from friends over here exact information is hard to obtain. "A short distance" may mean half a mile, or it may mean ten miles; "alongside" may mean hours away; "soon" often means a day. I had got into the mood that I must see it through, but I was curious enough as we stepped into a sampan to ask why we should go to Ut-sing on the west side of the river when we were to travel by land on the east side.

Père Gauthier looked astonished at my stupidity and answered that of course we must go to the west side so as to take another sampan to the east side. So there you are, and there we were losing time with a long tramp ahead of us. I discovered another reason, however, on landing. We were on our way to a foodless town, none of us had breakfasted, and we should require some food after Mass.

Crossing the river against the stream was slow work, but at last we arrived and I was charmed as we set out at a brisk walk in the cool air of the morning and plunged into the hills. The valleys were rich in rice-paddies and the green of a spring day at home made me feel that there are compensations even natural in this remote country. I knew, however, that I was not experiencing the heat that would fall on the white-helmeted heads of our young apostles, about whom I thought much as we made that first journey.

We passed several small settlements in the course of the morning but met no Catholics until shortly before noon, when we came to the village into which several of our Catholics had fled after the burning of their houses. They were evidently glad to see Fr.



This pagoda now dominates the new Maryknoll Mission and symbolizes the power of paganism.

saloon. There were four wide shelves in it, and a small window tightly closed. An oil lamp completed the furnishings. After everybody got busy on the window, which finally yielded, we withdrew to the saloon so that Chin could distribute the blankets. By this time we had distracted the gamblers, who resumed operations after Fr. Gauthier spun a little home-made Chinese for their benefit.

I climbed onto the upper shelf that night, hoping to live through it even if I could not sleep. Recollections of bandit attacks did not worry me, but we took precautions with the few val-

Gauthier, but they looked sad because they had suffered much and were even then in want.

We could not halt, however, as we were anxious to begin Mass before noon—and we went on briskly to Tong-on. As we followed a path around the mountain we suddenly came on a scene of desolation. A long row of houses—some thirty or forty—were standing roofless and in ruins, looking down on the rice-fields that had been the treasures of their occupants. At right angles was another ruin—the source of spiritual life for these villagers, all of whom were Christians. It was a combination of church and priest's house, a pretty little building surmounted by a cross which yet stood on the ruined roof.

Into the chapel we went first and hastily brushed the fragments of brick and plaster from the altar. It was damp and cold and we were perspiring. By this time my throat was in a rather painful condition, and as I felt feverish I went out into the sun until everything was prepared; when, with overcoat on, I vested and offered the Holy Sacrifice for these suffering Christians and for our future missionaries.

A score or more had followed us from the neighboring village and several attended our Masses, while others busied themselves, like Martha, preparing breakfast for the travellers. I recall especially two little children with hands clasped, kneeling quite close to the altar on the broken floor of concrete.

Breakfast was welcome and I managed to have it served al fresco in the sun, in preference to the ruined dining-room which was dark and damp. This move was appreciated by the people, who could watch us eat. My appetite was not too good, but I consoled myself with the reflection that there would be a little more left for some of the hungry by-standers—who I noticed, managed to come in occasionally for a bowl of rice.

When it was time to start on the next leg of the journey the Christians gathered silently about us to say good-bye. We were to have chairs, the only possible means of conveyance, and two bearers stood beside a faded chair into which I entered. Two pairs of sturdy shoulders bent to get under the long bamboo rods—and something happened! I was lifted two or three inches from the ground—and deposited again, and my bearers took the perpendicular without me. They looked calm, but Fr. Gauthier, quite disgusted, said, "They won't go. You are too heavy."

The blow was a sad one, for we had

yet a four-hours' tramp ahead; and it was something of a surprise, too, as my cincture had been getting loose for some time. Later, however, I was disposed to congratulate the youths on their prudence.

There was nothing to do but "hit the trail," and with Ahman in the lead, and always smiling under his load, we started off at a good pace. Fortunately, the air was bracing and the path was fairly level for at least half the distance.

We passed through two large villages full of pagans, who looked at us with curiosity and whose dogs barked at our heels until we were well out of the settlements. Temples dedicated to ancestors stood guard over these villages, and long stretches of rice fields on either side of a winding river made the valley a pleasing and peaceful scene. A little river at least seemed friendly and we crossed it a dozen times, losing it often.

Whenever it was necessary to cross on a single log Chin guided me with his hand on my shoulder, and in one or two crossings, as I realized that "the middle of the bridge is only half-way over," I felt none too safe. At other moments the splash of clear torrents recalled restful days in America and the Tyrol, until I thirsted after running waters and longed for a plunge. On inquiry I found that the water would be safe enough to drink, but I must find a way to lap it as our baggage carried no drinking utensils. After that, at every opportunity I scooped a handful of this gift of God and cooled my throat.

We were now climbing into the heart of the mountains, bare but majestic. The path led along unprotected cliffs and at times was decidedly rough, so much so that I completely forgave the chair-bearers who had refused to carry me.

It was growing dusk and the way seemed endless. As usual, I was wondering what was ahead of us, but all I knew was that we were to spend the night in the house of a Christian. At one point we lost Fr. Gauthier and Ahman, and there was a hesitation between two paths, but our choice was right, and shortly after six o'clock we sighted a small group of buildings about a quarter of a mile away. When we arrived Fr. Gauthier was already there, smiling a welcome.

The poor Christians—and they were evidently poor, the children being actually in rags—were glad to see us although utterly unprepared for our coming. A fire of fagots had been started in the courtyard and I sat down for a few moments on a bench under the skies and watched the preparations. Fortunately there was



WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IN CHINA.

light enough left to finish the breviary.

In a loft two plank beds were installed and there, after a supper of rice and some side dishes, we wrapped ourselves in comfortables and fell asleep. It was cold, the loft had no window protection, and the chinks were many and large.

We were to rise the next morning at five, so as to say Mass and have breakfast before starting on our return walk. Fr. Gauthier, veteran missioner that he is, is a walking alarm-clock and at five to the second was awake and calling names—"Ahman!"

"Chin!"—and so forth. Gradually the dark cold place came to life and something of light, and when I went down the ladder later Fr. Gauthier was hearing the confessions of those who had not been at the hamlet the night before. I vested for Mass in the chapel, which, except for the poor altar and a pious chromo, resembled an unoccupied cellar. By the time the second Mass began a small congregation had gathered, many of whom received Holy Communion.

As we were leaving the courtyard a half-hour later Fr. Gauthier showed me a gate which had been broken not many months before by some bandits, who had come around to take from the poverty of these peasants whatever was of value.

Poor China! Full of simple kindly people who are pestered by crews of bandits because the present Government is too weak, or rather, because China is practically without a Government!

When sending your subscription, either new or renewal, do not hesitate to request a Chi-Rho pin. We shall be glad to let you have one "gratis," especially if we can be assured that it will be worn.

Little Andy.

His name is *Andrew Chung*, and he is not very big, but *oh, me, oh, my!* They say—we don't know how many or who they are—that he is a wonder, but "we



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST ASPIRANT NOW IN SCHOOL AT CANTON.

can tell better later." In any event, *Andrew*, chosen by the trained eye of Fr. Fraser, has made his début in the preparatory seminary of Canton as the *first Maryknoll student*.

No, you cannot have the privilege of paying for him. Some one is ahead of you with *Andrew*,—but at the cost of one hundred dollars a year we can find another, possibly a more wonderful, one for you.

Through Monsignor Dunn of New York, Secretary of the Maryknoll Corporation, a zealous priest has placed in our hands for the new mission a *starter* that makes us feel anew the wondrous Providence of God behind this movement for the souls of heathens. It came in the shape of four bonds which will enable our pioneers to prepare immediately for certain necessary activities of which we shall speak later.

To the Benedictines of Beatty, Pa., belongs the credit of being the first among several religious

orders interested in Maryknoll to send a gift over the Pacific to Maryknoll-in-China.

A Word for Other Flocks.

Unlike such societies as those of the *Propagation of the Faith* and the *Holy Childhood*, Maryknoll is not professedly a collecting agency for missionaries throughout the world.

Maryknoll, however, believes that when the opportunity offers it should gladly help others who are as poor as itself—and perhaps much poorer. A society in the Church that confines its sympathy and interest to itself is hardly *Catholic*.

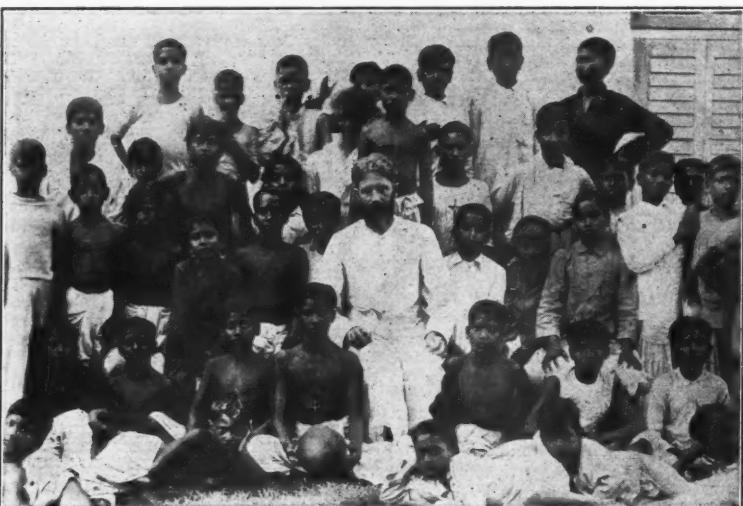
These observations will enable our readers to understand why from time to time we exhibit the wares of some stranger like Fr. Merkes, who writes to us with a pen dipped in the ink of holy envy mixed with tact:

The account of Burses for Maryknoll clearly shows that the generous American Catholics, both clergy and laity, take a keen interest in the American Seminary for Foreign Missions. Your wants are very great, but American Catholics supply them.

To compare big things and small you know that I also am running two schools with more than three hundred children. Happily, very little, comparatively, is necessary to run an Indian elementary school, but that little is more than I can gather. The Government gives a yearly grant which covers one-third of the expenses; the rest I have to find. This deficit works out at \$2.00 per child per year. \$50.00 will found a scholarship in perpetuity. The money will be carefully invested and only the interest used. Annually a Holy Mass will be said for the founders and they will have also the grateful prayers of the children in the school which they endow. Benefactors—even children—may club together to make up a scholarship, and it may be paid in installments.

Our struggle is very acute. The Protestant sects, assisted by American money, have every material means to attract the children. Our poor Tamil Catholics are faithful, but we simply must provide them with good schools for their little ones.

Fr. Merkes is the vicar-general of Madras, India, and a few years ago was a guest at Maryknoll, where he is most kindly remembered. A gift to him will bring back to Maryknoll some special grace—but we hope that too many of our missionary friends will not as a result make similar demands, because our family is growing.



FATHER HENNESSY AND HIS BOYS.
He is English-speaking born. What is his nationality?

FROM ALONG THE WORLD LINE.

Fr. Hennessy, of Holy Cross High School, Hashnabad, India, is a busy man, but he finds time to keep in touch with American affairs and to send us this thoughtful message:

I hope the enthusiastic response to the call of the Stars and Stripes will react on the call of the Cross and that when the khaki need no longer be donned you will have no vacancy at Maryknoll.

Missioners in Japan need English books—religious, classical and reference—including a good supply of penny catechisms and of Monsignor Oechtering's small volume of Church History. Medals and small metal crucifixes are also most welcome, as these goods are not manufactured there.

Anybody interested is kindly requested to communicate with Maryknoll before sending.

We do not expect money from our missioners but we are deeply grateful for such co-operation as this, that comes from a nun in the Philippines:

As a nun and an exile in a foreign land I cannot do much for your work except by my prayers, which I gladly give with a big Irish heart. I shall do my best, also, to get subscribers for you, and if I fail it will not be for want of good will. Here are two addresses that may be of use.

Those who have already reached the whitened harvest fields are sending back the call for more reapers:

THE FIELD AFAR arrives regularly and we are very pleased to know what is going on in the New World. I am praying hard that you may get subscribers in great numbers and that we may one day see some of your priests in the far-away Philippines. At present these Islands need many zealous and fearless priests to revive the grand old Catholic spirit of by-gone days.—Manila, P. I.

To you who are anxious to help and regret you cannot do so, we suggest prayer co-operation. Send for Apostles' Aid leaflets.

Several years ago we were astonished to learn that the Mohammedans, especially in Africa, were pushing the propaganda of their religion with greater energy and more numerical successes than any other religious body. We are not now surprised, therefore, at this letter—although no lover of his Faith can read it without regret—written lately to Monsignor Fréri of New York, by Bishop Jalabert of Senegambia (on the west coast of Africa):

I have a much greater cause for anxiety; it is the progress Islamism is making daily, and which nothing seems able to stay. The apostles of Mohammed are making numerous recruits among the pagans of Senegambia. I do not know where they get the money, but they are building mosques everywhere. At present European architects are erecting one in the capital, which is to cost \$100,000, or, to be accurate, \$103,000. Their great chief, Amadan Baniba, who resides in the Province of Maal (Senegal), has an influence that cannot be imagined by Europeans.

I have said it, and I repeat it, unless we receive soon considerable assistance the population of Senegambia will be enrolled under the banner of Mohammed. Poor souls, they are being seduced by the evil spirit, and we are powerless to check the torrent which carries them to the abyss.

It is quite true that the foreign missions are being hard hit by this world war, especially through the withdrawal of priests from the mission fields and of aspirants from the seminaries, but there is a silver, even a golden, lining to the cloud.

Catholics like other people are getting into the habit of giving to far-away needs. They realize that if we send an army of soldier boys to the front we must support them, and a little reasoning convinces us that this is likewise true of the apostolic army sent into pagan lands to fight against the hosts of Satan. We urge our faithful missioners to be patient a little longer, in the hope that Catholic gifts to the missions will be vastly greater after the war.

With millions daily expended

for the preservation of nations surely we cannot grudge a few millions yearly for the constructive work of the Church of Christ.

Note the letter that follows. May the writer have a gleam of hope now, and later some glitter of gold!

I was reading THE FIELD AFAR of July and I found this: "A New York Holy Name man writes: 'I have an idea that when we are about to send our priests to the 'front' provision should be made in advance for taking care of them . . .'"

Now that is the very idea I have been trying to push for some time. I know some Protestant parishes in Europe which provide for the missionaries who go to fields afar from those parishes. I know also a Catholic missioner, a friend of mine, who comes from a small village and the people of that village clubbed together, got a piece of land, cultivated it, sold the produce, and sent the proceeds to the missioner.

If the writer of the piece I quote could accomplish his idea he would be proclaimed the redeemer of missioners, for the life of the missioner is hard enough in itself, but it is made infinitely more so through lack of funds. He has to do everything. He must get the money for church, school-house, and so forth, and practically build them with his own hands. Day and night he is in dread and fear, not knowing if he will be able to pay his bills. He sees many things he ought to do, but cannot for lack of money.

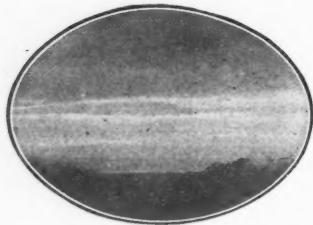
It is always a hard thing for me to see our antagonists better equipped than we; although I never could see why they should be, for things can be done cheaper by Catholics than Protestants. Take for example the salary of a Protestant missioner. For a single man it is \$500; if he is married his wife also gets her salary, and for each child they receive \$250 a year. Everything they need is liberally paid for. They never have to worry about schools, churches, houses, and so forth—all this is taken care of for them.

It would take too long for more details here, but if the writer of that note wishes fuller information, I shall be glad to give it to him.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. KERKHAFF,
Nagalama.

A Maryknoll Pin—the Chi Rho—is yours for the asking if, when sending a new subscription or renewal, you add: "Send me a pin."

At Sunset Hill.



THE HUDSON FROM MARY-KNOLL.

THE Maryknoll Superior could hardly catch his breath after looking at improvements on the property, when the Teresian accounting squad brought to his attention the excellent financial report which has already appeared in these pages and which had been discovered by the Maryknoll head when on his way across the continent.

Details, however, had not reached him and he was especially pleased to learn that during the past fiscal year one hundred and thirty Perpetual Associates—of whom some were living, others dead—had been listed on the Maryknoll books. A Perpetual Membership expresses confidence in our work and is a distinct mark of encouragement.

Another discovery was that no fewer than eighteen Annuity gifts had been received. These amounted in all to \$39,262.50; which, carefully invested for the benefit of the donors, is securing Maryknoll for the years to come after the donors shall have passed away.

Liberty Bonds, too, were a pleasant surprise, thirty of these patriotic and substantial securities having been passed over to the Society as gifts.

Money comes to Maryknoll every day, with each mail, from all directions, and from several countries—and *it goes out*—but after all that is the reason why it comes in. In the meantime we are getting values for what God allows to pass through our hands.

Most people, however—and we say this with due respect for the brains of our readers—have not the slightest idea of what it costs to run any institution outside of their own homes. Johnny's new suit and Annie's hat, plus the rent, or mortgage interest, or taxes, plus food, doctor's bills, and other incidentals, these equal the sum of the average person's knowledge. The next step would be to divide the year's expenses by the number of members in the family, then multiply by one hundred—and a friend of Maryknoll would begin to get some light; but this operation, like a cooking recipe, would not appeal to many.

We may mention, however, in passing, that at the present time for every issue of THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll is paying over a thousand dollars to the printers alone, not to speak of postage, labor, and so forth.

The monthly bread bill, too, is something more than \$100, and the chicken feed bill which the treasurer recently paid would, if it could have been overlooked, have laid low the bread bill.

All these are only "a few items" used for illustration. Please don't think that we are

complaining. Divine Providence is kind and Maryknoll's friends are constantly generous. Besides, new ones are coming daily, thanks to the good words that older "standbys" say about our young work.

Agronomy—Did you ever hear of the word? Many a man has been versed in the science of agronomy who would shy, and perhaps become angered, if he was called an agronomist; and doubtless many who can define the word know nothing of the science that is back of it.

To be versed in the science of agronomy means simply to be a good farmer, and if you ever meet a Maryknoll student who, anxious to impress you with polysyllabic words, glibly tells you that he has profited by the class in agronomy, you have simply to say: *How are the crops, old man?*

The Master of Agronomy at Maryknoll is the Rev. Fr. Procurator, M. A., who took a course last summer in New York and has been living and making everybody around him live on it ever since.

Fortunately for him and for us,



THE ORDINATION CEREMONY AT ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, DUNWOODIE, IN WHICH OUR LATEST PRIEST PARTICIPATED.

this worthy gentleman knew "not so little" about farming before he climbed Sunset Hill that leads to Maryknoll, so that we have produced the necessities of life in such measure as to arouse the envy of our neighboring landowners, and to win the commendation of all the food-saving officials who know us.

In occasional spare moments our Master of Agronomy has even directed his attention to the gardens that surround Saint Teresa's, down by the highway, but here, of course, his task is not so easy because women students of agronomy have their own ideas about the fitness of things. To them sweet peas look better than onions and a rotation of crops should not compel the abandonment of some particularly loved corner where pansy blossoms look lovely and geraniums keep in blossom for the season.

Maryknoll, if we must confess it, always looked shabby until this year. We saw beauty in it, of course, as a mother does in the dirty little face of her darling just in from making mud-pies, and we tried not to exaggerate, but probably failed.

To-day, however, we are getting near the truth, as you will realize when some day you come over the top of Sunset Hill yourself.

Dear Mr. Expressman:

Please handle us with care. Above all things keep us away from the hot steam pipes. Don't crowd other packages around us. We must have air—but—keep us from all drafts.

Great things depend upon our future and in many cases our future depends on how you handle us. This is our first trip—but with your kind care we will be O. K.

Yours for a pleasant journey,

This was the label on each of several large parcels received at Maryknoll last month. The 600 chicks were just learning to toddle. But the little darlings were so dear. And we had to pay for them ourselves.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I saw thee sixty moons ago.
How art thou strong and stalwart
grown!

Oh, I was glad to see thee so,
And to have known.

Thou wast then yet a prophecy;
Now thy fulfillment breaks abroad.
Oh, I was glad thee so to see,
Chosen of God!

Now any day o'er land and brine
Thine fare them forth with messages,
All Christendom shall yet divine
Thy vast success.

To me it seems but yesterday
That last I rambled through thy
wold,
And morrow is thy crowning day
As was foretold.

This eventide I dream it o'er,
What thou wast sixty moons ago.
O fledgeling, once so weak and poor,
How thou didst grow!

—A Priest Visitor.

The early summer brought a fine setting for two outdoor ceremonies which have come to be yearly events in the Maryknoll calendar: the blessing of the fields and the Corpus Christi procession. The days for both were ideal and the two communities shared in the graces that such occasions bring.

It is getting to be an unwritten tradition that no Maryknoller shall return to his home on the hill without something, and we were not surprised when our aspirants came back from Yonkers with a phonograph and records. It was reported as the gift of a Dunwoodie student.

Daily Masses at Maryknoll now run in number from ten to fifteen, sometimes more; of altars, permanent and temporary, there are six and vestments, which seemed to have been generously supplied, are scarce. The sacristan reports the need of two sets in green, of a red veil and a green veil, and also of some altar linens.

The sacristan's view is limited, however. He has tasked for too little because he has not seen far

enough. We need other vestments for the missions—our own and that of our special protector, the Bishop of Canton. Other sacristy and sanctuary furnishings (not necessarily new) such as candlesticks, sanctuary lamps, missals, ostensoria and ciboria, cruets, and altar cards, will also be welcome.

Auxiliary-brothers connected with Maryknoll now number twelve, and they bid fair to crowd out of St. Joseph's the dozen and a half philosophers now installed there.

As it is, the auxiliaries are practically in possession, as the two most important rooms, the chapel and the recreation hall, are for their exclusive use. The recreation room contains, alongside of the reading table, a sewing machine—a Singer, at that. We fear at any moment that these worthy members of our flock will ask for a phonograph to accompany the Singer.

We have not told our readers much about the Maryknoll auxiliaries, because we could say nothing but what was good of them and we feared to spoil them. But now that they are getting numerous this fear is giving way to the reflection that if they cannot stand a little flattering and keep their feet on the ground they will not make good Maryknollers — because every Maryknoller must be ready to be flattered or flattened and to take either impression as unconcernedly as possible.

This much being said, we are inclined to add that if any young man feels stirring within him a desire to consecrate his life to our work as an auxiliary he will find himself in good company—with plenty of occupation. If we had to make a choice we should give the preference to a carpenter or a printer, but the important qualifications are good health and good will. God will do the rest.

VISITING CARDS.

Maryknoll visitors are usually of the choice variety. The hill climb is too much for merely loquacious people, who get out of breath on the way up and are inclined to turn back or never try again. This eliminates many undesirables with goods to sell.

It can be said, therefore, that any visitor to Maryknoll, even if he is classed as a climber, has already arrived. Among such we could record more than fifty for the past month, but we dare mention only a few groups.

The Maryknoll Women's Auxiliary of New York City, together with the Aumnae of the Manhattan Academy of the Sacred Heart, made the trip along the Hudson's banks to Ossining in early June. They arrived towards three o'clock, passed two pleasant hours about the Knoll, and after Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament returned, none the worse for wear, though slightly poorer, to their respective villages in the great metropolis.

The Auxiliary has been mothering some of our students during the scholastic year, and the Manhattanville Alumnae in spite of war conditions have been building up their Maryknoll Burse—works which we hope and believe will bring back to their coöoperators many a blessing.

Aviators have been making huge circles around New York, and although none have dropped on us there probably have been some circling over the Knoll.

Other "circlers," however, have actually landed on the premises. These were from Brewster and Tarrytown, N. Y., the Brewsterites coming down the line in automobiles, directed by their pastor, Rev. T. P. Phelan, LL.D., who is the Church History Professor at Maryknoll; and the Tarrytown contingent arriving two weeks later in auto

busses that woke up Sleepy Hollow as they passed.

It looks as if we would establish a *Circle Day* next year.

And we might have to throw open our woods yet to the growing number of New York school pupils whose eyes and hearts, directed by zealous nuns, are opening to the Cause for which Maryknoll stands.

A group of girls from Our Lady of Lourdes School in New York City, who came with some of their Sisters, including the Superior, kept the Teresians busy and happy for the greater part of one fine June day.



FR. ROUSSEAU AND FR. CHAN.
(Fr. Chan is a Chinese Jesuit.)

The two foreigners might have been spies—at least the way they were pounced upon by five husky Americans seemed to give evidence of the fact. With unrelenting harshness they were dragged out from the dark place in which they were found, and put in a standing position. The three captors walked several paces, faced the prisoners, prepared the ammunition, received the command: "Ready! Aim! Shoot!"—several clicks—and all was over!

Who were the unfortunates? They were Fr. Rousseau and Fr. Chan, two kindly disposed Jesuits

who happened to get into the Maryknoll darkroom while the photography class was in progress. Nor did they suffer any worse result than what appears in the above photograph.

Brother Foto, who contributes this item to our columns, says incidentally that the secret of securing a good expression on your victim is to say:

Watch the Birdie, or Kay dough lo-e tie chun gee (which is Chinese for "Look Pleasant").

Maryknoll-at-Scranton.

From the Vénard this eleventh-hour message arrived at Maryknoll: "Everything doing—time escaped us—sorry we must lose the chance to appear in the July issue."

This gives the recorder at Maryknoll a chance to note a few items and it allows the Editor some much-needed extra space.

Here are the items covering the month:

A decoy fire set behind the barn after dark produced a very successful fire drill.

The following day there was a noise of escaping pigs and the causes of the trouble were later found in the woods.

Eight students moved their beds into the barn for the month. (This may be a sufficient vacation for them.)

Ten priests of the Scranton diocese, with malice aforethought, selected Wednesday afternoon for their visit to the Vénard and played a winning game of baseball, to the discomfiture of our would-be stars.

Rain was scarce during June, but the *Shower*—the Mite Box Shower—was in the air constantly. Although July makes the Shower seem like past history those who participated in the event insist that FIELD AFAR readers shall be made to realize that the Catholics of Scranton are pleased and proud—and show it in a practical way—to have Maryknoll's first-born among them.

The Favors Received.



THE FLAP-JACK TWINS.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Books; 2 gold watches; lace; old coins and jewelry from Mass., N. Y., R. I., Cal.; cancelled stamps and tinfoil from Pa., Mass., Cal., N. Y., Conn., N. J., N. D., O., Mo., D. C., Ark.

Two "scraps of paper" dropped out of an envelope in the morning mail recently. One bore these words: *For the Little Flower of Jesus Burse.* The other was a check for \$25.00.

RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.

Pictures, flowers, curtains and raincoat; altar linen; clothing; baseball suits; baseball and gloves; sanctuary oil; 2 Liberty Bonds; books; dictionary; cassock; records; cigars; cancelled stamps and tinfoil.

Newfoundland has representatives at Maryknoll and at Maryknoll's preparatory school, the Vénard, and it looks from the following as if it will yet have more:

Your paper is now in every Catholic Hall in the city, and I think that you may soon expect to receive more subscriptions from Newfoundland. I shall do my best to further your interests, and with this end in view will mail you shortly the names of a few good Catholic men to whom you could send sample copies.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to July 1, 1918, 2,751,476 ft.
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,698,524 ft.

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to July 1, 1918, 1,154,436 ft.
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,845,564 ft.

INVEST

IN

THRIFT

STAMPS.

Six league baseballs, sent a short time ago under a name that is dear to every American "fan," brought smiles of pleasure to Maryknollers and the star hitter has almost batted himself out of breath. One of these balls will be—or should be—kept intact for the first practice game in China.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: A. T.; T. F.; Mrs. M. E. H.; Mrs. M. A. G.; Mrs. M. E. J.; M. L. C.; Mrs. M. F.; D. C.; M. J.; T. A. C.; Rev. Friend; T. M. C.; Rev. Friend and family; E. M.; P. J. F.; Mr. and Mrs. O'C.; H. E. D.; M. J. D.; A. D.

Deceased: John T. Roche; John J. Neess; Mrs. Anna Kelly; Mrs. Mary Davenport; Elizabeth Pierce; Agnes P. Murphy; Mrs. Mary Thorpe; Edmund Whitty; Simon Doran; Mrs. Mary Doran; Mary Doran; Rev. Michael O'Hare; William Conlon; Patrick Conlon; Joseph Conlon; Catherine Conlon; Anne Conlon; C. P. Conlon; Mrs. Mary Keating; John R. Harris; Gustav Thayer; Mother Mary James Ottis.

KINDLY pray for these bene-factors:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Jos. A. Cummings
O'Keefe Grace Griffen
Sr. M. Euphrasia D. J. O'Conor
Sr. M. Pancratius Margaret Taylor
Sr. M. Richard Teresa Kelly
Sr. Mary of the Sa- Joseph Cummings
cred Heart Mr. Bralen
Sr. M. Baptista Catherine Craig
Sr. M. Ignatius William T. Connolly
Catherine Clarkson Mrs. P. Hoffman
Mrs. J. B. Barton Mrs. M. Golden
Mrs. C. Rogers Rose McGill
Catherine O'Brien T. Driscoll
Mrs. E. McNamara L. Duffy
M. G. Loomey Mr. Le Prele
Mrs. B. Schimtzter Theresa Smith
Michael Conway

From a Sister of the Precious Blood—a lover of all apostolic work — come these edifying words:

Who could fail to understand the misery of the poor idolaters? The realization of their sad state was impressed upon me several years ago by the visit of two of Cardinal Lavigerie's Sisters of Notre Dame d'Afrique, who passed some days at our monastery. They were living at Carthage and had had a great deal to go through. One of them asked one of our young Sisters if she would go to Africa—for some were willing to go—but the Sister said no. The visitor laughed and said, "Well then, I hope you will be sent to China."

Oh, I never forgot that visit and I think I never shall forget it!

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

STATE	NEW	
	GIFT	SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$75.00	2
Arizona	1.00	1
Arkansas	2.00	2
California	136.00	56
Colorado	1.00	1
Connecticut	203.25	45
Delaware		6
District of Columbia	83.00	4
Florida	6.00	
Georgia	13.00	1
Idaho	5.50	
Illinois	34.92	29
Indiana	20.25	
Iowa	3.00	7
Kansas	5.00	
Kentucky		3
Maine	63.40	1
Maryland	22.56	9
Massachusetts	1,338.28	149
Michigan	77.50	10
Minnesota	2.40	6
Missouri	117.30	4
Montana	1.00	2
Nebraska	6.70	2
New Hampshire	6.23	7
New Jersey	129.60	278
New York	*2,282.44	359
North Dakota		3
Ohio	191.50	16
Pennsylvania	487.28	2,874
Rhode Island	365.10	59
South Carolina	.25	1
South Dakota	4.00	5
Texas	78.87	6
Utah		1
Vermont	10.90	4
Virginia	100.00	2
Washington		5
West Virginia	84.50	5
Wisconsin	11.00	8
Wyoming		1

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Africa	1
Canada	62.95
Central America	1
Hawaii	1
Newfoundland	4.00
Ireland	2
Philippine Islands	14.00

Total of New Subscribers..3,984

It is good to be allowed to share in the joy of thanksgiving, and such was our privilege recently when the following letter from a New York business man was received:

Some time ago I promised Our Lord and Saviour that if he would cure my father without an operation I would gladly donate \$100.00 to Maryknoll. He has ..ated my wish and I am sending check. May our Heavenly Father guide you and make your holy Society the greatest ever!

* \$1,000 annuity.

A precious package that lately arrived revealed relics of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Anne, in dainty silver reliquaries. Several episcopal ornaments, including a bishop's ring, were also enclosed. The ring is ready for the right kind of finger and applications are in order.

While on the subject of bishop's rings—

Some years ago the Bishop of Hongkong lost from his ring a precious stone that was brought back to him soon afterwards by an observant and honest Chinaman.

It looks like the return of bread cast on the waters. We scraped up surplus funds at Maryknoll for every appeal to buy Bonds, and now Bonds are coming to us as gifts for our work. Every week brings at least one. Some are for Perpetual Memberships, some for the education of our students, some for our most pressing needs. One donor writes:

I bought this as a patriot, and I shall feel better for sending it to Maryknoll. These are my reasons:

I can help the cause of God's universal Church and that of my country at the same time.

What I give to the spread of the Catholic Faith will help to establish peace on this earth.

And besides, I have no safe for this bit of paper, which you can guard more securely and use to better advantage.

A Red Crosser.

THE FIELD AFAR gets into the hands of missionaries by the hundreds, and we are glad that it does, even if the expense at this end is a growing one. We know from their letters that it brings to our missionaries a message of cheer and that, although often in real poverty themselves, they rejoice at the growing list of Maryknoll benefactors.

These men think as they observe, and one of them recently expressed the idea common to all when he said to us:

I notice that American Catholics, priests and laymen, are giving you a splendid backing, and of course I contrast sometimes my position with yours, so much nearer the base of supplies; but I know, too, that Maryknoll-in-America has mighty things ahead—final buildings for the seminary, for the preparatory school, for those efficient women workers, the Teresians—and that Maryknoll-in-China will soon be drawing on you heavily. *Intende, prospere, et regna*, and may God bless and prosper your benefactors!

We looked back over the month's receipts after reading these generous words, and as we noted the number of priests and Sisters in the widened circle of benefactors from New England to California, the interest of students in colleges and seminaries, and the confidence of the laity, we uttered a prayer of thanks and renewed a resolution to try to make the best possible use of every benefaction.

Don't long for luxuries. Every luxury brings its own troubles. The simple life is the best one—and the safest for eternity.

From Priestly Pens.

"THE interest of priests in this American Foreign Mission Seminary is remarkable," writes an observant friend.

No, it is not remarkable, but it is extremely gratifying and we consider it our best asset. Here are some recent extracts from priests' pens and type-writing machines:

I would never be without THE FIELD AFAR. To have it is to have a bit of sunshine in my room at all times.

To avoid the calamity of being cut off your visiting list I am sending ten years' subscription. The rest is for the *Pius X. Burse*.

Enclosed find check to help pay for the war bread of the Maryknollers and Vénarders. I send it to fulfill a promise. Please in return say a few prayers for the Marist Fathers and their friends and parishioners.

I have found THE FIELD AFAR so easy and ready a cure for melancholy

that I am prepared to believe without hesitation what you say it will do for lumbago. If it succeeds as well in curing aches and pains as it does in dispelling mental gloom and despondency it will be an elixir indeed!

I am going to become a Maryknoll landowner to the extent of \$10.00. I am sorry I cannot add another "o" to the \$10.00, but perhaps some day I may be able to do so. Send me a Land Slip properly filled out and I will have it framed and hung over my desk to remind me of that possible "o."

I greatly appreciate THE FIELD AFAR, regarding it as a providential inspiration to Catholics to awaken within them a holy zeal for the conversion of the multitudes still in the darkness of unbelief. At last Christ's Precious Blood is about to yield harvest in the Empire of the East, and THE FIELD AFAR will be the medium.

Mrs. W—— bought a \$50.00 Liberty Bond, and now she is anxious to give it to Maryknoll for subscriptions to your splendid FIELD AFAR. The good woman is by no means wealthy, but she is full of true genuine zeal for God's glory and the salvation of China. She works hard every day and earns every cent she gets. The selection of the names she left to me and I chose those who are in good circumstances and can afford to keep up the subscriptions—and perhaps do more.

Assuring you of our genuine interest in the Maryknoll enterprise, and wishing you every grace and blessing, I am,

Respectfully yours,
O. M. CAP.

While at one of my missions I was given a package from Maryknoll, addressed to the Rev. Fr. S——, O.S.B. I inquired of the old "standbys" if ever a priest by that name had been there, but they knew him not. I saw that the package contained a book, so I opened it and read the book myself. I always take a book of light religious reading on my missions, and "A Modern Martyr" was just the thing for long train rides. Théophane Vénard is the right person to revive the spirits of a priest in the sand hills of Nebraska. To-day I made an 85-mile drive over terrible roads to give some families a chance to make their Easter duty.

You can send Fr. S—— another book when you locate him. I enclose \$2 and please send me a year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. I read and enjoyed that journal in the Seminary, but lost track of it since.



A Circle Page.

A MARYKNOLL Circler in Tarrytown (and although she lives near Sleepy Hollow she is a live one) has chronicled a series of Circle events which would be printed in this column if our page designers had more space at their command. If, however, any Circle organizer, present or prospective, wishes some advice as to how to make a Circle interesting our Circle Director at Maryknoll will reveal the unpublished chronicle.

A good idea—and not the first—from the St. Dominic Circle, of Central Falls, R. I., is this of establishing closer relations among Circles in neighboring parishes:

We attended a whist in St. Joseph's parish last month and found the meeting with these people who are interested in the same great cause as we are very enjoyable. The Circle members there think it is a good plan for Circles to get together and know one another. We have heard of a new Circle being formed in St. M— parish and are planning a social event next month to which all such Circles may come and get acquainted.

There are more thoughtful people on this battered earth than is generally believed and the daily mail at Maryknoll gives constant proof of this. Here, for example, is a Circle letter that came into the Superior's hand after his return from the Far East and gratified him not a little:

Our Circle had a Mass said for the continued interest of our members in foreign missions, and in particular for Fr. Walsh, that he may enjoy the best of health, and that his mission to China may be crowned with success. We all attended the Mass and received Holy Communion. Several members came from different parts of Brooklyn, East New York, and Bay

Ridge. It was splendid of them to come such a distance and in such weather as we had this morning.

The St. Joseph Circle, of Pawtucket, R. I., has this enviable record for its first year's work:

To-morrow marks the first anniversary of the organization of our Circle. During the year we have sent at different times offerings amounting to a total of \$159. In the last ten weeks we have given three successful whist parties, and the proceeds from them, together with dues, make up the enclosed check for \$80. Our membership has increased from fifteen to fifty-four, so that we hope next year to send a correspondingly larger contribution towards the carrying on of your great apostolate.

We are glad to send our humble offering to your treasury, and to it we add fervent prayers for the continued and greatest success of Maryknoll's mission.

Trusting that one or more of us may have the pleasure of visiting the Knoll this summer, and promising our best endeavors for the next year and every year, we are

The Maria Mission Circles of Pittsburgh send the following suggestive report:

Fr. Price of Maryknoll addressed the Pittsburgh Maria Circles in Synod Hall on the occasion of their last general meeting for the season of 1917-18. Fr. Price's graphic description of conditions in heathen countries, particularly the condition of heathen women, and his terse statement of the work which American women could and should do for Catholic missions, gave a new spur to the already very active interest of the Circles of the city.

At this meeting the Circles unanimously voted to renew this year their efforts to make Christmas a day of great mission energy among Catholics. Further, they raised the standard of their endeavors in this line a big notch by more clearly defining their Christmas resolution, which now reads: "As a Christmas gift to the Christ Child, I will donate to the missions a sum greater than any one of my other Christmas gifts."

Two-thirds of the members present adopted this resolution literally. Others unprepared for its literal adoption were invited to join in the spirit of the work according to their ability.

The Pittsburgh Circles have established a "stocking factory," where on stated evenings during early summer

members will meet to make the "Little Red Stocking" for the Christmas gift. We suggest the desirability of Circles elsewhere doing likewise, since the autumn is too short for both making and distributing the stockings.

This letter from Texas ought to prove stimulating and enlightening to those whose vision is still parish-bound:

The mite-boxes are a powerful reminder and collecting agency. Everything we send to you comes through them. Please send us fifty.

You will be glad to know that, as the outcome of the work being done here for the foreign missions, a splendid vocation has developed. One of the most gifted of our Texas girls, a graduate of our State University, left us last June to enter a missionary order of Sisters. Through us she heard for the first time of foreign missions in such a way as to interest her. We all feel very proud and very much encouraged, for it is only a little more than two years ago that we first decided to help foreign missions.

We are a very small and poor parish, and are established at the gate of the State University to look after the spiritual interest of the Catholic students there. These students have their own Catholic organization, the Newman Club, and they helped to make up the dowry for their sister-member—not that she needed it, but just to share in the merit of her great sacrifice.

It is interesting to note that one of the determining influences in this vocation was the mingled edification and mortification which the young woman felt at the sight of the devoted work which the Protestant girls in the State University were doing for their foreign missions.

This shows what rich fruits follow even a little effort for the foreign mission work. We have not put any special burden on ourselves either in giving or doing, for we are burdened with a very big and heavy task in this home missionary work. God has blessed us out of all proportion to our expenditure. Just keeping the work in mind, a sermon now and then, mite-boxes always in evidence, a few words spoken, or a little extract read from THE FIELD AFAR at the Altar Society Meeting, that is all.

If every parish in the United States would do its bit in this small way what a wonderful result our country would soon roll up in money and vocations for the foreign missions!

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.



A CELEBRATION IN JAPAN. PERHAPS IT IS IN HONOR OF THE FIELD AFAR'S ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

WHEN THE FIELD AFAR made its bow to the world eleven years ago it left a page vacant for the younger readers, and a very pleasant white-haired priest named *Father Ignatius* made good use of the blank space by writing letters to his young apostles. Then *Father Ignatius* had to join the army of invalids, and big things gradually crowded out his special page.

Now in spite of the high cost of paper and printing, THE FIELD AFAR is going to adopt four more pages and it will insist on making the grown-up articles "shiny on their own side."

The page will always be found under the title, *The Maryknoll Junior*—and if the Juniors insist upon it more than one page will be set aside for them.

Some children in New Hampshire are being taught to be faithful to the home needs and at the same time to aid the missions. This letter from the Sisters of the Holy Cross may point out the way for others:

We are having a money contest in the school for the benefit of the church and we want two Maryknoll pins as prizes. We intend ordering a Chi Rho ring also, but will have to wait until the contest closes in order to get the right size. Please pray that the contest will be a great success. If we can afford it, there will be a small donation for Maryknoll from the pupils.

"Johnny, is there any way to know the true Church?"

Bright Johnny: "The Church has four marks by which it may be known. It is one, it is holy, it is Catholic, it is apostolic."

"But, Johnny, how do you know that the Church is Catholic?"

Bright Johnny: "The Church is Catholic or universal because it subsists in all ages, teaches all nations and maintains all truth."

"But, Johnny, do you really think any one in this country cares about 'all nations'?"

Bright Johnny: "No sir, I don't have to *think*. Pa takes the FIELD AFAR, and Sis belongs to a Maria Mission Circle, and Ma's always runnin' 'round with mite-boxes, and when I get big I'm goin' to Maryknoll and help some myself. We're all *Catholics* at my house."

A priest at Maryknoll seems to be quite well pleased with the following lines from a parish recently visited by him:

DEAR FATHER:

We would like to see you in our parish soon again. We enjoy your stories about the Chinese as well as reading THE FIELD AFAR. We would like to see the twin calves you have at Maryknoll. I think one of my little brothers will be a missionary. He takes the laundry to the Chinaman. He did his first missionary work by giving the Chinaman a medal of Our Blessed Mother. Good luck to Maryknoll.

A little secretary in far-off Nebraska writes:

We gave our Penny Fair in behalf of the Holy Childhood, and besides all the fun we had we made enough to buy two Chinese babies and had something left over to send to Maryknoll. Please put \$1 towards the Blessed Sacrament Burse, with another buy one hundred square feet of Maryknoll land, and use the \$3.32 which we made by selling tinfoil as you think best. We ask your blessing for all the pupils and for the Sisters.

Every Junior will after a little while, if not immediately, say to himself—or herself—"I wonder if any one as young as I am can do any good for Maryknoll."

And here is the answer—"Prayers do most good, so add to your daily prayers these words—*Queen of Apostles, pray for Maryknoll!*"

Here, too, are a few other suggestions:

Keep a Maryknoll Mite-Box in sight. Place it, if you will near other silent beggars and let it run its chance. The Maryknoll Mite-Box believes in pushing over and making room.

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Here is what you should do:

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
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4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.

7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.

8. If you have any papers left tell us how many, and *Fr. Chin* will instruct you what to do with them.

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